A Family Bewspaper—Devoted to Politics, Literature, Morality, Foreign and Domestic News, Science and the Arts, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c. SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1848.

OLD SERIES VOL. 9, NO. 6.

TERMS OF THE AMERICAN. TO CLUBS

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Philad April 1, 1448—

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RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he constantly keeps on hand a large assortment of chi drens will ow Coaches, Chairs, Crad es, market and travelling baskets, and every variety of basket work | Though our lives' paths far distant be,

purchase such articles, good and cheap, would de well to call on him, as they are all manufac-tured by him inthe best manner. Philadelphia, June 3, 1848.—1y

CARD & SEAL ENGRAVING.

WM. G. MASON.
46 Chesnut st. 3 doors above 2nd st., Philadelph Engraver of BUSINESS & VISITING CARDS, Watch papers, Labels, Door plates, Seals and Stamps for Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance, &c., &c.—Always on hand a general assortment of Fine Fancy Goods, Gold pens of every quality Dog Collars in great variety. Engravers tools and materials.

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monds.

Orders per mail (post paid) will be punctually attended to. Philadelphia, April 1, 1#48-y

COUNTRY MERCHANTS

Can save from 15 to 25 per Cent. DY purchasing their OIL CLOTHS direct from the Manufacturers.

POTTER & CARMICHAEL Have opened a Warehouse, No. 135 North Third Street above Race, second door South of the Eagle Hotel, PHILADELPHIA,

PHILADELPHIA,
where they will always keep on hand a complete
assortment of Palent Elastic Curriage Oil
Cluths, 28, 36, 40, 48 and 54 inches wide. Figured, Painted, and Plain, on the inside, on Muslin Drilling and Linen. Table Oil Cloths of the
most desirable patterns, 36, 40, 46 and 54 inches
wide. Floor Oil Cloths, from 28 inches to 21
ject wide, well seasoned, and the newest style
of patterns, all of their own manufacture. Transparent Window Shades, Carpete, &c. All goods
warranted.
Phils, May 27, 1849—3ee. Phila. May 27, 1848-3m

MEYERS HE SUBSCRIBER has been appointed agent for the sale of CONRAD MEYER'S CELE-BRATED PRE MIUM ROSE WOOD PIANOS. it this place These Pianos have a plain, massive and beautiful exterior finish, and, for depth

ive and beautiful exterior finish, and, for depth of tone, and elegance of workmarship, are not urpassed by any in the United States.

These instruments are highly approved of by he most eminent Professors and Composers of Music in this and other cities.

For qualities of lone, touch and keeping is one upon Concert pitch, they cannot be sucpassed by either American or European Pianos.

Suffice it to say that Madame Castellan, W. V. Wallace, Vieus Temps, and his sister, the celebrated Pianist, and many others of the most disinquished performers, have given these instruments preference over all others.

They have also received the first notice of the

They have also received the first notice of the bree last Exhibitions, and the last Silver Medal by the Franklin Institute in 1843, was awarded to them, which, with other premiums from the ame source, may be seen at the Ware-room No. 12 south Fourth st.

OF Another Silver Medal was awarded to C.

OF Another Silver Medal was awarded to C deyer, by the Franklin Institute, Oct 1845 for he best Piano in the exhibition of the Franklin Institute. Oct 1846, the first premium and medal was warded to U. Meyer for his Pianos although it and been awarded at the exhibition of the year refore, on the ground that he had made still great refore, on the ground that he had made still great reparaments in his frustraments within the nat 12 months.

Again—at the last exhibition of the Franklin natitute, 1847, another Premium was awarded of C. Meyer, for the best Piano in the exhibition At Boston, at their last exhibition. Sept. 1847.

Meyer received the first silver Medal and Disloma, for the heat square Piano in the exhibition. These Pianos will be sold at the manufactuer's lowest Philadelphia prices, if not something ower. Personic are requested to call and stamme for themselves, at the residence of the sub-riber.

Sunbury, April 8, 1848.—

Sanbury, April 8, 1848 .-

SELECT POETRY.

THE PASSING CROWD. By MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

"How many tales of human weal and woe of glory and humiliation could be told by those beings, whom, in passing, we regard BLACKWOOD.

Turn not upon 'the passing crowd, Though stranger all, looks light and cold Though ne'er, for us, be rent the shroud, That doth one heart one fate enfold; No ray-no shade, of human lot. Amidst that transient throng is not !

The seeming scorn, in that proud eye, Of those who cross its masters path, But may, when earthly watch is by, Be worn to hide a conscience wrath: The thrill for shame—the throb for sin. Can move the haughtiest heart within.

And yonder frail and shrinking form Which seems to crouch at word or look, May rise, to front the hour of storm, And the bold wronger's power to brook; And snap the chain, and break the rod, And trample him, who would have trod.

The child that sports, unmasked, along, Who can his destiny foretell? Perchance, the bright and great among, Brightest and greatest, he shall dwell; Who holds his childhood's reason light May tremble at his manhood's might.

And age-muse on its silver hair, And weak limb, tottering o'er the tomb; Moral with mystery it bears: That form was flush with life and bloom And feeling written on that soul,

Loathe not the beggars leprous hand, Shrunk with neglect and want and In days, gone by, Hopes beacon, bland As now for us, diffused its glow For him: in days to come, may we

E'en thus, in suppliance, bend the knee!

Now traceless as a faded scroll!

The roughest rock has oft a fount Gushing within its rugged breast; And so, beneath the rudest front, May feelings flow, the kindliest; And sternest eyes that meet us, yet, For us, with gentle tears be wet!

Turn not upon the passing crowd, Though stranger all, looks light and cold Each heart is with a spark endowed, That may, when Time its years has told,

From the Christian Advocate and Journal. DEATH OF MRS. MAPVITT.

Considerable excitement has been proluced in the community by the unexpected death of the young lady who was mar-ried to J. N. Maffitt, in March of last year. since that event, which took place on the 30th ultimo, the papers have given various accounts of the matter. First, it was said she died of "bilious fever;" then that it was the result of "grief arising from something which occurred soon after her unfor-tunate marriage with Mr. Maffitt." The "Brooklyn Daily Advertiser," of the 3d instant, contains the following:

"FANNY PIERCE.-This beautiful and accomplished girl, whose illstarred marriage with the Rev. John N. Maffitt, created in the community considerable sensation at the time of its occurrence, died, it is said, of a broken heart. She, among other accomplishments, was highly gifted as a poet; and we have some beautiful verses of hers, composed a few weeks before her decease, descriptive of her grief of mind and outraged feelings, which we will endeavor to publish."

But, on the day follo-ring, instead of publishing the "beautiful verses," the editor wholly disappoints a large number of the friends of Mrs. Maffitt by the following apology for the wrong which the above paragraph had done Mr. Maffitt and a certain "reverend gentleman," whose identity every one is left to guess at for himself.

"We believe we did Rev. Mr. Maffitt great injustice yesterday, as well as the Rev. gentleman whom, by implication, we made to countenance him. We were misled very greatly, and but for speaking of the dead we should say more of the living. We have learned facts that have disabused our mind very much with relation to Mr. Maffitt, but it is not time to give them now."

All this may be very intelligible. And is the editor sure that he was "misled very greatly" when he inserted the paragraph which now so sorely troubles his conscience! From whom his he "learned facts that have disabused his mind very much with relation to Mr. Maffitt? And what are these "facts" We shrewdly guess at the instrumentality employed in the reclamation of the Advertiser from its tempora-ry aberration; but it is of little importance to the public.

But the next issue (October 5) completes the atonement of the unhappy editor for his premature statement by the following, which is so highly honorable to Mr. Maffitt that he will now be let off:

REV. J. N. MAPPITT.-We observe by the Arkansas Democrat, of September 15th, that Mr. Matiitt had been preaching with great effect at Pine Bluff. He had made an engagement to be at Hurricane camp meeting on certain days, but the names of fortythree residents of Pine Bluff are subscribed to an excuse for the nonfulfilment of the engagement, 'in the full belief that 'it is God's will that he should continue his labors so wonder-fully blest in this place."

What will come from the Advertiser next we cannot say; but we should not be at all surprised if the editor should get still further light upon the case of Mrs. Maffitt, which will compel him to change his mind again; for the friends of that unfortunate voung lady are too numerous and too make the property of the ends of the editor should get still describe the house of character from certain persons in this direction. Whoever these gentlemen are, they have assumed a responsibility which does not belong to them. Their act is dissorbly and subversive of the ends of the white out of my hards. (now, look out the white out of my hards.) nate young lady are too numerous and too respectable, and we might add, have too strong a sense of justice to her name and means of full and correct information with regard to the matter. We shall now leave him to work out his own deliverance as best he can, and shall say something in re-lation to the case upon our own responsi-

During the winter of 1846-7, while Maffitt was carrying on his meeting in the Centenary Church, "Fanny Pierce," or Frances Smith, was attracted to the church in company with several young friends, by a report that an acquaintance had experien-ced religion there. The result was that she continued to attend until she became impressed, and finally professed conversion and joined the church as a probationer.—
Soon after this Frances was asked, by a friend of Maffitt, whom we shall not now name, how she would like to become the wife of Mr. Maffitt. The girl, in utter astonishment, answered, "Why, he is old enough to be my grandfather!" The motives were then laid before the mind of the unsuspecting girl. Brother Maffitt was a very pious man, and the union would help her in her religious course—she would travel with him and see the world-he was a very popular preacher, and mingled in the best society—she would be a perfect lady, and associate with the most accom-plished ladies in the nation. Besides, broher Maffitt was very rich, and he would make her large presents to begin with, and an inch of shirt collar, his pants were withthen she should never want for any thing

the window in at the back door of the Parsonage, to hold interviews with Maffitt.— She was presented with much costly jewelry; a costly rosewood piano, &c., &c; all through Maffits agent in the affair. The result was, that the plan succeeded, and the prey was secured. The first communication which the mother of Frances received touching the matter was made by the same agent, and then she was told that opposition was useless—Brother Muffit and Frances were engaged, and would be mar-ried a all events, and she might as well consent, and make the best of it.

The marriage was consummated—there being only thirty-seven years difference in the ages of the parties—but it brought with the and so he commenced. which had been promised Frances. As to religious influences, they had now all evaporated. Not a word did she hear upon the subject from Maflitt, or those in his service in the matter of the marriage, from the moment of the commencement of the tragedy. She had been carried away with golden dreams of elevation-her brain bewildered with phantoms: out the period of her intellectual hallucinations was of short duration. She soon had to grapple with realities. But we forbear, A portion of the history has been given; but the rest, and by far the most mysterious and illustrative of character, remains be-

That the poor girl was unhappy in her new and unnatural position was an event that might have been expected; but that she would so soon fall a victim to her misfortunes has taken all by surprise. She ever had perfect health until her marriage, nd mortification. She was defamed-the worst attributes of character attributed to per-and many of the tales of her traducers were, by mistaken friends, whispered in her ears. Her heart sunk and life be- already intimated to you that you should came a burden. The functions of the brain became deranged, and she died in convul-

At present we forbear reflections. Thus nuch we think the public entitled to at present, but we are mistaken if more is not forthcoming from other quarters. We knew nothing of Mrs. Maffitt until circumstances threw the information in our way. And we confess, little as we thought of Maffitt, so many strange accounts had been given us, that we thought her none too good for the destiny upon which we supposed she had recklessly rushed. But authentic inormation, from various quarters, changed our views of the lady entirely. Now, we can say, that we have heard of nothing prejudicial to her moral character which cannot be traced to one source-and that source, with us, is entitled to no respect whatever. The fact that she died through grief is strong presumptive evidence of her innocence of certain things existing in rumor. Females such as Mrs. M. has been represented by some, and suspected by many, to have been, never die heart broken.

The materials for the history of the mis fortunes of this hapless girl are being, and there are those who have an interest in their publication to the world. We are mistaken if the device which has thrown the Brooklyn Daily Advertiser into such awkward circumstances, succeeds upon a truth of history cannot long be concealed or suppressed. Whoever has an interest in keeping the facts under cover, may give up in despair, for the world will have

no standing in the M. E. Church, and should a few oysters, and a little su'thin', at the no longer be called a "Methodist preacher." lake, we was a comin' home like winkin,

help it?

*Here follow broad insinuations, highly

LIFE IN NEW ORLEANS A PAIR OF THE B'HOYS, WITH GALS TO MATCH.-David Dodson and Joe Gunter were yesterday, charged before the recorder, with furious driving and endangering the lives of good and peaceful citizens of the sovereign State of Louisiana, on the Shell Road, on Friday evening. Dodson was also charged with breaking a barouche, which he hired for the occasion; but the owner of the barouche, who preferred this latter charge, was told by the recorder that he should seek for damages by means of a civil action. One could tell at a look Dodson and Gunter were a pair of the b'hoys, The former wore a grey beaver, with a long fur, lying no way in particular, and surmounted by a narrow crape; his brooch was the miniature of a lady with very red cheeks, and very black hair falling on her shoulders, in very small ringlets—his locks though not long, were well soaped, and lay into either side of his face with remarkable tenacity; his coat was bottle green
—large brass buttons, short skirts, and pockets outside; he had no cravat, and about out straps, and his shoes were of the high which was really desirable.

When the girl's ear was gained, matters proceeded rapidily, but secretly. She was conducted, at night, through the basement of the Centenary Church, and taken through the nether extremity of his pantaloons were turned up; the bosom of his shirt was dotted over with little anchors, birds, diminitive dogs, and such like devices, he wore a drab sack coat which showed off to some advantage his compact athletic form. Both the parties were inventerate tobacco chewers-when spilling out the saliva, instead of opening their months, they squirted it through their teeth, leaving the floor sprinkled "in spots," with the embrowned fluid. The owner of the broken vehicle being present, the recorder requested him to state all he knew about the furious driving of the prisoners.

"Pil do that certain, your honor," said

noon, I call 'em our stables, your honor, but of course they 'long to the bos, Well, this here gem'n comes in and, says he, thow are you old Buster l' res he, well, I feels my oats, says I-I'm hearty.' 'Have you wehicle to let out for the evenin? says he, 'I haven't got anything else,' says I. 'And good 'oss?' say he. 'Nothing shorter,' says 1, "How much is it for the evenin" says he. 'A V. even,' says I. "Harness up,' said he, postin' the stake 'Here, Bill,' said he. 'Aye, aye, sir,' says Bill. 'Put the roan mare under the light wagon, says I, and 'Bill had it done while you'd be crackin' a whip. Any one to take a seat with you said I. 'A young 'oomon' says he, a kind o' winknin' at me. All right, old feller,' says I. 'You're one on 'em, but never mind, go a-head !' and off he went. The next thing I heard on him was, that the vehicle was knocked into a cocked hat, on but for the last six months she had been ra-pidly sinking under the influence of grief ment for the damage, because the bos holds me accountable for all these things."

Recorder .- "Well, my good man, you have gone to an infinite deal of trouble, to tell me an infinite deal of nothing. I have seek redress elsewhere, for the loss which your employer has sustained in the breakng of his wagon. Did you witness the furious driving ?"

Witness .- "Couldn't, sir. I haint been on the road but once in a month, and that was the evenin' I pop't Jones and his crack nag Buena Vista. 1-" Recorder .- "I have heard enough from

you. Officer Van Haussben!" "Here," said a Teutunic gentleman, lumbering up like a Dutch galliot in a calm,

and making his obeisance to the Recorder. Recorder .- "Van Haussen, you witnessed this forious driving; say what you saw on the occasion."

Van Houssben .- "I sheed disch von shenleman's, and disch von shentleman's (pointing to Dodson and Gunter) and them wasch in two gig, and there wasch two shentlewomans wid dhem and one shentlewoman's wasch dhrivin', and two shentleman's wasch dhrivin', and them wasch all dhrivin' more fasther than they could go, when both wagons came bang smash together, and lady and shentleman and all sphill out on road, and wagon broke to pieces."

Recorder.—"Were the lives of any par-

ties endangered by the furious driving !"
Witness.—"The lives of every podies

Recorder .- "Then I shall fine each of awkward circumstances, succeeds upon a them ten dollars. Have you any thing to long run. The public are inquisitive. The say (addressing Dodson and Gunter) in extenuation of your offence?"

Dodson.—"Why, your honor, we did kill nobody nor did not mean to. This here, you see, is how it was. Joe, here, and his gal, and Liz and I, was out a walking on Thursday evenin, and the gals asked us to take them down the road to-morrow, that was the last evenin." Well, of course, we was not to be stumped, no how, and we sed, good as grease. Well, last evenin we did take them down, sure enough, and a It will be seen, from the notice of Mr.

Maffitt, taken from the Brooklyn Advertius to take them down the road to-morrow, that he is preaching in Arkansas. Maffitt, undoubtedly has a right to preach—we was not to be stumped, no how, and we that is, if he goes on his own hook—and the people of Arkansas have a right to hear him, if they want to be taught religious right jolly time we had of it, too, I tell you; that was a precious good lark, and after takin' that was a precious good lark, and after takin' that was a precious good lark, and after takin' that was a precious good lark, and after takin' that was the last evenin'. Well, of course, we was not to be stumped, no how, and we sed, good as grease. Well, last evenin' we had of it, too, I tell you;

better follow arter me, said he, 'I mean to,'
ses I, for I was a smokin' my cigar, and did
not feel at all nasty. 'You shan't do no such a thing,' ses Liz, pullin' the reins and the whip out of my hands; 'now, look out there, old feller,' sed she—that ere Liz is a monstrous great gal, I tell you—'look out there, old feller,' said she, and she laid whip cord on to the roan mare, I tell you. 'Go it, Liz,' sed I: 'go it, Joe,' said Sal, and they went it hip and thigh, neck and neck, I tell you. 'Pm blest if I ever saw anything like it on Harlem road, they went it thing like it on Harlem road : they went it from the word go. 'Hold on to my bon-net,' says Liz, 'it's a slippin' off;' and so 1 managed to take off her bonnet: 'all right now,' says I, 'go ahead.' 'I'll pop him. now,' says 1, 'go anead.' I'll pop thin, now,' says she, 'before he goes a hundred yards further,' and sure enough, she was up by his side like winkin'. Well, I don't know how it was, but the wheels of both vehicles locked, and before you could say knife, Liz and I were pitched clean out onto the swamp. You ain't hurt, are you, Liz? says I, as soon as I recovered my breath. 'Dave,' says she, 'Pm not hurt.'—
I did not care if I was, but I tell you it was foul driving-it was. She's a trump, your honor, is that gal, Liz."

"Yes," said the Recorder, "you have told me enough to convince me that she is, but nothing going to show that I should not inflict on you and your friend the full fine.-You are, therefore, fined ten dollars each one we are now beholding has nothing but for furious driving. With the breaking of the words above quoted, and in the year in the wagon I have nothing to do.

"Joe," said Dodson, addressing his friend. "we'll pay it right down. But they don't do things in this way in the Bowrey : do they ?"

"Not by a jug-full,", said Joe," "but I tell you that are gal, Liz, is some."

"I reckon," said Dave, and suiting the action to the word, he counted down twenty dollars, ten for himself and ten for Joe, and the two B'hoys left the office as if they felt they had fun for their money .- New Orleans Delta, Oct. 1.

"TAKING THE MISSISSIPPI."

While Mr. Sam Stockwell, the artist, now engaged on the great panorama of the Mississippi, was one afternoon slowly floating down the river in his boat, a very uncomfortable shower came patting down, at the moment he was about dropping auchor to sketch the picturesque establishment of a squatter. He hesitated a moment, but finally let go, and his boat swung around in the stream. "Vot, ish you going to pictur' him mit der

rain!" inquired his German boatman.

"No," says Sam, "but I'm going to pictur the right spot to take a good view of that odd looking cabin, and if we go on we will lose it. So hanl out the old umbrella, and I will try a sketch. Perhaps by the time we finish our view, the proprietor will invite us to take some buttermilk with him."

This old umbrella had, by certain violent concussions received on the trip, become quite a curiosity. One half of the whale bones were gone, and, when it hoisted, it hung like a wo begone sombrero over its owner. The pitching of it carelessly into the boat sundry occasions, had introduced illshaped sky-lights in its roof; and, taken alogether, it was the sorriest apology for shelter ever stretched over a sovereign citizen of the great United States. Sam, however, worked away beneath the "gingham" until he finished his sketch. All this time an affinent from the top of his cone-like covering poured a flood of dark tinged water through one of the holes, and down his neck. His German watched this stream with intense interest, as if calculating how much the artist's clothes would hold before they would leak. When he had finished, George, the German, broke forth in admiration:

"Vell, for a little mans, you soaks more vater den ever I sees before. It vill take you von veek to be so nice and dry as ve vas shost how."

Just then a voice from shore hailed them : "Look yer, you with that awful ugly hat: what in thunder are you sitting' out that is the rain for ? Who are you? What are you goin to do ?"

"I am going to canvass the Mississippi," said Sam. "You're an electioneerer, ar you ?" inqui-

red the squatter. "No. not exactly," said Sam, "except in small way for my own individual benefit. um going to "take the river." "Whar are you goin to take it to !"

uired the squatter. "All round the country," said Sam, "and ver to England "

"Well, afore you kin do that, you'll hev to git awful big tub, and sot yourself at the mouth to draw it off." "Oh, no, says Sam, "I am drawing it off

The squatter looked up and down the shore wo or three times, and then shouted backul don't see as it gitsmuch lower-your

ackin' machine draws it off dreadful slow." "I am painting the Mississippi, my friend," answered the artist. "Hev you got my cabin chalked down" he inquired.
"Yes," answered Sam, "and you too."

"Good by thunder!" said the squatter. When you show me to them Inglish fellers just tell 'em I'm a Mississippi screamer I can hoe more corn in a day than any Yankee machine ever invented, and when I hit any-thin', from a bullock down to human natur', they generally think lightnin' is comin."
"Are you a Taylor man!" inquired Sam-

"No, by thunder," says he.
"De you go in for Cass, then" inquired

"What! do you support Van Buren!" continued the artist.
"No, Sir," shouted the screamer; "I support Betsy and the children, and it's d-n tight screwin' to get along with them, with

corn at only twenty-five cents a bushel." "Good bye, stick to Betsy and the children said Sam; "they are the best candidates out;" and raising anchor he floated off. As he sped onward, the squatter's voice reached him once more, and its burthen was-

"Hurrah for General Jackson, the old Mississippi and me and Betsu!"-St. Louis Re-

FRANKLIN'S RESTING PLACE.

Such was his worth, his loss was such, We cannot love too well, or grieve too much,"

In one corner of the burying-ground, best known as Christ's Church-yard, Philadelphia, repose the remains of the philosopher Frankhumble tomb by a well trodden path which was reading the newspaper. "How do you leads from the gate to the marble slab which do ?" says I, but he did'nt mind anything ahumble tomb by a well trodden path which bears the simple inscription, which will at bout me. once strike the beholder with wonder, viz:
"Benjamin and Deborah Franklin." With
wonder I say, because we are accustomed to to see the stones covering the tenements of great men inscribed with eulogiums; but the one we are now beholding has nothing but

which it was placed there. And this is the grave of a man who might once have been seen, a runaway boy, in the streets of Philadelphia seeking employment as a printer; and again, as editor and proprietor of the United States Gazette, long so ably conducted by Mr. Chandler. Once trying experiments with a simple paper kite again, astonishing the world with the discoveries made through its instrumentality. Once in England a deceived journeyman printer : again as Minister from an Independent Re- Connecticut fellow came inpublic. Once in his workshop, as a laboring mechanic : again in the halls of Legislation advocating the cause of freedom, and urging an oppressed people to rise and drive the British Lion from our forests. Yes he was one of those who signed away their lives, fortunes and honors, if necessary, for the welset it down. fare of their fellow-citizens. But all this could not save him from the hand of death. Tho' the Philosopher and the Statesman must lie

as low as the less favored, yet the circumstances connected with the lives of those whose dollars for it.—How did you make it ?" motto was "non sibi sed patra;" possess charms which all can appreciate and all love to cherish. We read his name on the marble slab -ponder over his virtues, and mourn his oss, as of a dear friend. We stand around his grave, and think how many have gazed with reverence upon that stone, and our eyes become fixed upon it as though it possessed an endearing charm. We look back upon his life and deeds, and when we remember that a nation wept when Franklin died, we cannot refrain from dropping a tear over his

No towering monument rears its head aove the clouds where the first beams of the rising sun will gild his peme; but that name is inscribed in characters not easily to be erased, on every liberty loving heart, and so ong as Philosophy continues to be a science. benevolence a virtue, and liberty the watchword of the American people, will his mem ory be cherished, and his name be honored. -Bant. Rec.

SMITH O'BRIEN-AN INCIDENT .- During he progress of the trial of this distinguished rish Patriot, a gentleman applied to him for his autograph, when he handed him the following lines, betokening no drooping or faltering on the part of Mr. O'Brien :

Whether on the gallows high, Or in the battles's van, The fittest place for Man to die Is where he dies for Man. WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN."

Music .- Every woman who has an aptiande for music or for singing, should bless God for the gift, and cultivate it with diligence; not that she may dazzle strangers, but that she may bring gladness to her own fireside. The influence of music in strengthening the affections is far from being perceived by many of its admirers. A sweet melody brings all hearts together, as it were, with a unison and all hearts thrill with sympathy, sy will expect them. But come, you may But the music of the fireside must be simple and unpretending, it does not require brillianey of execution, but tenderness of feelingmerry tune for the young, a more subdues strain for the aged, but none of the noisy claptrap which is so popular in public. It is mistake to suppose that to enjoy music requires, great cultivation ; the degree of enjoyment-will, of course, vary with our power | ter they grow; they never need scouring." of appreciation; it is able to attract even the ignorant: and this is what the poets taught when they made Orpheus and his brethren the civilizers of the earth. In cases where nusical instruments are not within reach we may modulate our own voices and make them give forth sweet sounds.

SOUTH CAROLINA. -The Charleston Mercuy says that of the one hundred and sixty eight members of the Legislature of the State not more than thirty will vote for the Taylor electoral ticket, if indeed such a ticket is voted for at all

Life.—Look not mournfully into the Past; it comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present; it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future, without fear and with a manly heart.—[Longfellow's Hyperion.

"Well, I calculate not stranger," shonted SPECIMENS OF MASSAUHUSETTS AND CON-

"One day," said the Bay State Pedlar, "as I was driving along, a fellow with a load of tin came out of a by-road, and followed right along in my tracks. "Mister," said I, "which way are you going !!!

"Yes," says I; "I reckon we had better take different roads, else only one of us will sell any tin-what say you ??

"Going ahead !-don't you see ?" said he.

"Yes we will. You may go ahead and sell all you care and then I'll sell as much chea-

"No-I'll get more for every article." "Well, I don't see how you can do it."

"Try it, and I'll show you; I'll stop here while you drive to that house yonder, and sell all you can. Start on your team, a little and then come back for your whip or something you have dropped, and you can see how I sell." "Well," said I, so I drove up to the house

and went in, and spoke to the gentleman who

"Want to buy any tin pans, pails, or cups or anything?" "No."

"I'll sell cheap, and take almost anything

"Don't want none." "But just look at my lot; it is the compleest you ever saw"

"Don't want to." "Well I really wish I could sell you something. You really think you can't buy ?"

"No, don't want nothing." So I went on and started on my, horse. Whe, says 1; now I'll see what that Connecticut fellow can do. So I walks back to the

house. "I did'nt leave my whip here did I?" "Hain't seen it," said the old man, keeping on reading advertisements. Then the

"How far is it to a tavern ?"

"Half a mile," said the old man. "I'm as dry as a codfish. I'll take some of your water," walking up to a table, and taking up a pewter mug. "Oh," said he, "i is cider," making believe he was going to

"Drink it," said the old man-and he did "That's royal cider-you make that fo your own use-can't buy such as that-if had a barrel of that in Boston, Pd get fiv

"Made it out of apples." "Did you? Well, they must have extraordinary good ones, every one of their fit to make mince pies of. Got a large of

chard, haint you Squire ?" "No." "First rate, what there is on it then got snug house here too-haven't seen man houses I like as well as this, and I've seen : good many in may. Real snug houses," look

ing around as if hunting a stray fly; "how many rooms up stairs?" "Four and all finished off," said the old woman who was ironing. On that he turned right around and made all his talk to her.

Four and all finished! You are thriving like all natur! Got smart girls enough to filthem all up?" "No only one."

"Well, one good one is enough—better than three or four ordinary ones—how; old is she !" "Eighteen," "Eighteen !-she'll be married before long

reckon. Not many girls like yours live to be old maids." "I don't think she'll be an old maid." "She looks like you, don't she, now? I've

heard of her-she's as handsome as a pictur -what a handsome setting out you'll give "Yes, I've got five pair of linen sheets, and four coverlids, that I made for her this summer. I mean, if she ever does get married

that she shall have as good a setting out as

any body." "So I would, and you are able to do it. Now I think of it, I've got a few first rate things that I mean to carry home to somebody, you can guess who, (winking) I've, been, offered more than they are worth, but would not sell them-but I've a mind to let you have them for that girl of yours. I don't. golden cord; it makes the pulses beat in know though that I can let them go. Betlook at them."

> So the old woman put on her specs, and went out with him to his wagon. He dug to the bottom and hauled out some pans and pails just like those on the top. "Here they are; I keep them stowed away out of sight -the genuine Lafayette tin, come from France. The more you use them the brigh-

"What is the price of these common ones, said she, pointing to some just like those he had in his hand.

"Five shillings, and these are ten-the Lafavette tin cost nine and sixpence; but for that pretty girl's sake, that looks so much like you, they say, I'll let you have a few for seventeen shilling.11

So he went on talking, till he sold her more than five dollars worth of ware not nigh as good as mine, at a good deal higher prices. When he started on, says he, "How much lid you sell ?"

"Ah, you did'nt come from Connections?"
"No, I didn't says I;" and then in a lowroice 'and I don't want to, if they all he as